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### Alumnae Benefit Recital

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**Alumnae Benefit Recital**

**Carla Ogden, soprano**  
**Mark Salters, piano**

**Salmon Recital Hall**  
**October 12, 1996**  
**8:00 pm**

## Program

Exsultate, jubilate, Motet K. 165	Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)
Heidenröslein	Franz Schubert (1797-1828)
Die Forelle	
Leid der Mignon	
Ganymed	

## Intermission

Dans les Ruines d'une Abbaye	Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)
Au Bord de l'Eau	
Mandoline	
“Green Finch and Linnet Bird” from <u>Sweeney Todd</u>	Stephen Sondheim (b. 1930 )
“The Black Swan” from <u>The Medium</u>	Gian Carlo Menotti (b. 1911)
“Fair Robin I Love” from <u>Tartuffe</u>	Kirke Mechem (b. 1925 )

## **Exsultate, jubilate**

Exult, rejoice,  
O happy souls  
And with sweet music  
Let the heavens resound,  
Making answer, with me, to your song.  
The lovely day glows bright,  
Now clouds and storms have fled,  
And a sudden calm has arisen for the just.  
Everywhere dark night held sway before.  
But now, at last, rise up and rejoice,  
Ye who are not feared,  
And happy in the blessed dawn  
With full hand make offering  
                  of garlands and lilies.  
And Thou, O Crown of Virgins,  
Grant us peace,  
And assuage the passions  
That touch our hearts.  
Alleluia.

## **Little Rose on the Heath**

A lad saw a little rose growing.  
Little red rose on the heath;  
It was as young and fair as the morning.  
He ran quickly to have a close look at it,  
And gazed at it with delight.  
Little rose, little rose, little red rose.  
Little rose on the heath.

The lad said: "I will pick you,  
Little rose on the heath!"  
The little rose said: "I will prick you,  
So that you will always remember me,  
And I won't suffer you to pick me."

And the cruel lad picked  
The little rose on the heath;  
The little rose defended itself,  
But its wails and sighs were of no avail,  
It had to suffer just the same.  
Little rose, little rose, little red rose,  
Little rose on the heath.

## **The Trout**

In a limpid brooklet,  
Merrily speeding,  
A playful trout  
Shot past like an arrow.  
I stood on the bank,  
Watching with happy ease  
The lively little fish  
Swimming in the clear brook.

A fisherman with his rod  
Was standing there on the bank,  
Cold-bloodedly watching  
The fish dart to and fro . . .  
“So long as the water remains clear,”  
I thought, “He will not  
Catch that trout  
With his rod.”

But at last the thief  
Could wait no more.  
With guile he made the water muddy  
And, ere I could guess it,  
His rod jerked,  
The fish was floundering on it,  
And my blood boiled  
As I saw the betrayed one.

## **Mignon's Song**

Only he who knows what yearning is  
Knows how I suffer!  
Alone and cut off  
From all happiness.  
I look up into the sky  
Towards yonder side.  
Alas! He who knows and loves me  
Is far away.  
I grow dizzy.  
I am inwardly inflamed.  
Only he who know what yearning is  
Knows how I suffer!

## Ganymede

How in the morning radiance  
You glow around me,  
Spring, beloved!  
With the thousandfold joy of love,  
My heart is enveloped  
By the blissful sensation  
of your eternal warmth.  
O, infinite beauty!

That I might clasp you  
In my arms!

Ah, on your bosom  
I lie, languishing,  
And your flowers, your grass  
Press against my heart.  
You cool the burning  
Thirst of my bosom.  
Lovely morning breeze!  
While the nightingale calls  
To me tenderly from the misty vale.

I come, I come,  
Whither, ah! whither?

Upwards, upwards I am driven!  
The clouds float  
Downwards; the clouds  
Bend down towards my yearning love.  
To me, to me!  
In your lap  
Upwards!  
Embracing and embraced.  
Upwards to thy bosom,  
All-loving father!

Note: Ganymede in Greek mythology was a beautiful youth who was brought to Olympus either by the eagle of Zeus, or by Zeus himself in the form of an eagle, or by the gods generally (the legends vary) to serve as a cup-bearer there. In Goethe's poem he symbolizes "the mystical experience of ecstasy or direct union with the Deity." (Humphrey Trevelyan, *Goethe and the Greeks*, p. 75)

## Dans Les Ruines d'une abbaye

Alone, those two, charmed, singing, how they love each other,  
How they gather the spring that God sows,  
What sparkling laughter in these shadows,  
Once crowded with pale faces, with sad hearts.  
They are quite newly wed.  
They cry to each other the charming varying cries.  
Joy's fresh echoes, mingling with the wind that trembles,  
Turn the dark convent into a friendly place  
They strip the jasmine of its petals on the tombstone  
Where the abbess joins her hands in prayer.  
They seek each other, they pursue each other, they see  
Your dawn come up, love, in the sight of the old cloister.  
They go away, billing; they adore each other,  
They kiss at every moment, and then once more  
Under the pillars, the arches, and the marbles . . .  
That is the story of the birds in the trees.

## Au bord de l'eau

To sit together on the bank of the stream that passes,  
To see it pass;  
Together, when a cloud floats in space,  
To see it float;  
When a cottage chimney is smoking on the horizon,  
To see it smoke;  
If nearby a flower spreads its fragrance,  
To absorb its scent;  
To hear at the foot of the willow, where water murmurs,  
The water murmurs,  
Not to notice, while this dream lasts,  
The passage of time,  
But to feel deep passion  
Only to adore each other;  
Not to care at all about the world's quarrels,  
To ignore them,  
And alone, together, facing all that grows weary.  
Not to grow weary;  
To be in love while all passes away,  
Never to change!

## Mandoline

The serenading swans  
And the lovely listeners  
Exchange insipid remarks  
Under the singing boughs.  
There is Tircis and there is Aminta  
And the eternal Clitander,  
And there is Damis, who for many cruel ladies  
Fashions many tender verses.  
Their short silken vests,  
Their long dresses with trains,  
Their elegance, their gaiety  
And their soft blue shadows  
Whirl madly in the ecstasy  
Of a moon rose and gray.  
And the mandolin chatters  
Amid the trembling of the breeze.

## **SWEENEY TODD**

1979

music and libretto by Stephen Sondheim

### **Green Finch and Linnet Bird**

from Act I

setting: London, the present; Judge Turpin's house

character: Johanna

There was a nice young barber with a little daughter and a silly, pretty wife who took the fancy of a judge. The judge arranged for the barber to be transported on a trumped up charge and inveigled the pure, silly woman to a masked ball at his house. Here she was raped and her child taken from her. The woman killed herself and the barber was never seen again, but the judge still keeps the child, Johanna, as he has for 15 years. From the uppermost window of Judge Turpin's house, young lovely Johanna sings to the birdseller's caged creatures.

## **THE MEDIUM**

1946

music and libretto by Gian Carlo Menotti

### **The Black Swan**

from Act I

setting: the outskirts of a large city, the present (1940's); the parlor of Madame Flora's flat

character: Monica

Baba, also known as Madame Flora, is a down-on-her-luck alcoholic who pretends to be a spiritualist. In the midst of a séance she throws her customers out when she herself feels an unexplained presence in the room. She sinks into a fitful stupor as her daughter, Monica, cradles her in her arms, trying to comfort her with this haunting lullaby.

## **TARTUFFE**

1980

music and libretto by Kirke Mechem (after the play by Molière)

### **Fair Robin I love**

from Act I

setting: Paris, the 17<sup>th</sup> century; the house of Orgon, a wealthy aristocrat

character: Dorine

Dorine, the saucy maid to Orgon's daughter, Mariane, sings a song to her mistress, attempting to educate her on the lighter side of romance. The words of the aria are from John Dryden's *Amphitryon* (1690); the name "Robin" was "Iris" in the original poem.